

THROUGH

WOODLAND

AND MEADOW



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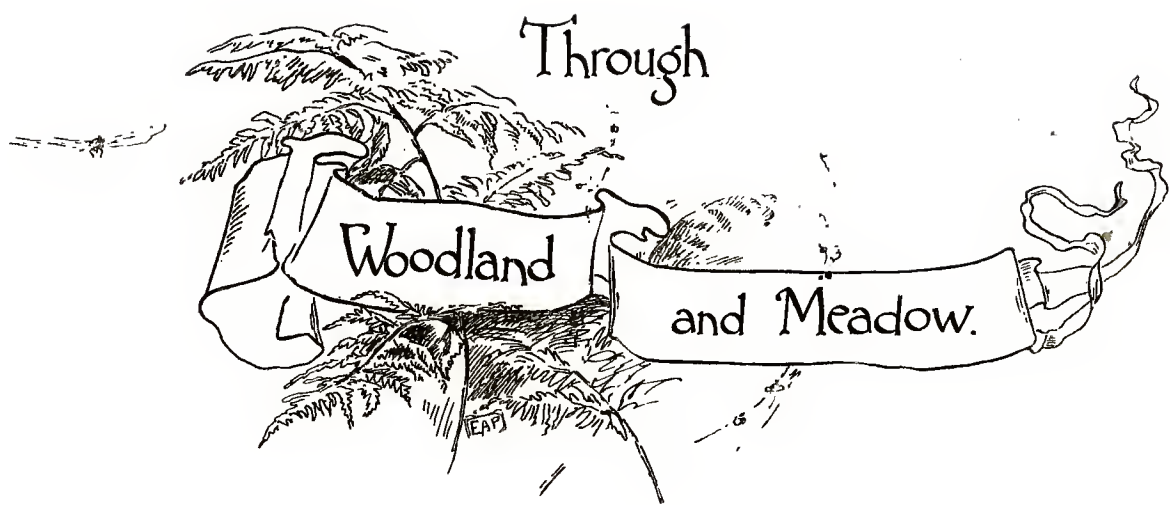


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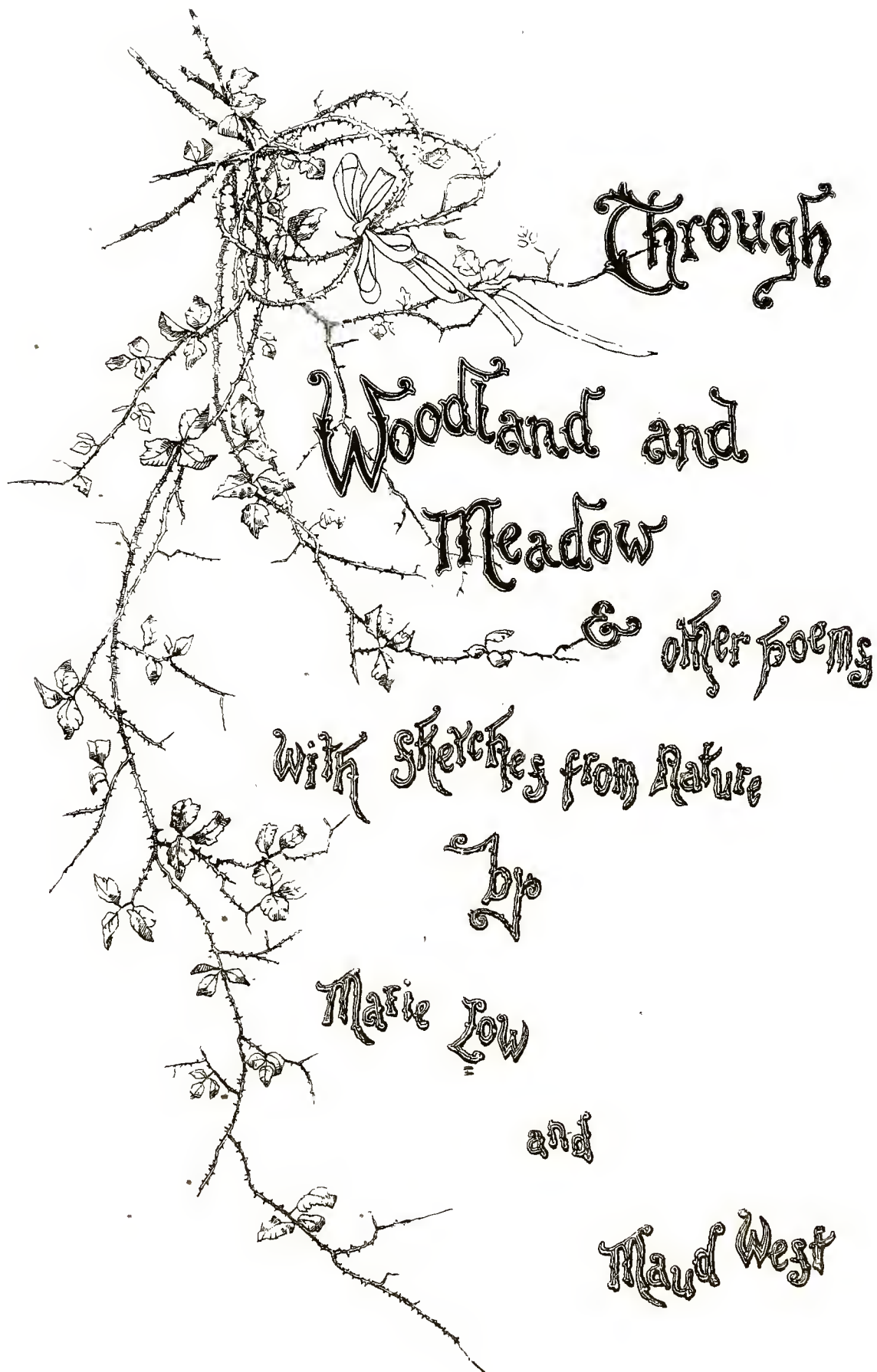
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Turn these leaves over —
song-blossoms lie here,
Gathered in many a beautiful year.

H. M. W.



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Introduction.

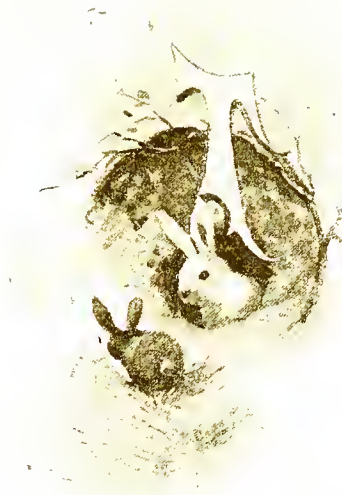
THROUGH woodland and meadow,
In sunlight and shadow,
The flowers are awaking
With petals dew-pearled;

In green glades and alleys,
Where lingers and dallies
The young heart of Springtime.
In hushed slumber curled!

O here we will wander
When sunset burns, yonder;
With silent hearts murm'ring
"Thank God for His world."



Through Woodland and Meadow



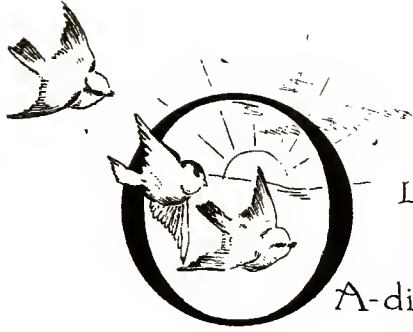
THROUGH woodland and meadow,
By coppice and stream,
In sunshine and shadow,
Come linger and dream:
In each leafy cover
The wild birds sing sweet,
With the bees in the clover
The wind in the wheat.

Here Winter and Summer,
Brown Autumn and Spring,
To welcome each comer
Their offerings bring:
Yet the frost may not wither,
Nor cold winds may sigh,
Nor ever come hither
The blossoms that die.

Ah, Friend! turn the pages,
And wander awhile
Where Nature assuages
All cares with her smile.
Where never a shadow
Hangs over Life's stream,
Through woodland and meadow
Come linger and dream!

Helen F. Wood.

A Love Song.



LOVE, turn from the unchanging sea, and gaze
Down these grey slopes upon the year grown old,
A-ding, 'mid the Autumn scented haze,
That lieth in the hollow on the wold,
Where the wind-bitten ancient elms enfold
Grey church, long barn, orchard and red-roofed stead,
Wrought in dead days for men a long while dead



Come down, O Love, may not our hands still meet
Since still we live to-day, forgetting June,
Forgetting May, deeming October sweet -
O hearken, hearken, through the afternoon
The gray tower sings a strange old tinkling tune'
Sweet, sweet and sad, the toiling years last breath
Too satiate of life to strive with death.

And we, too, will it not be soft and kind,
That rest from life, from patience, and from pain -
That rest from bliss we know not when we find -
That rest from love that ne'er the end can gain?
Hark! how the tune swells that erewhile did wane;
Look up, love! ah, cling close and never more!
How can I have enough of life and love?

W. Morris.

FALLING leaf and
fading tree,
Lines of white on a sullen sea
Shadows rising for
you and me,
Goodbye, Summer,
good bye, good bye!

Clifton Bingham



A Love Song.



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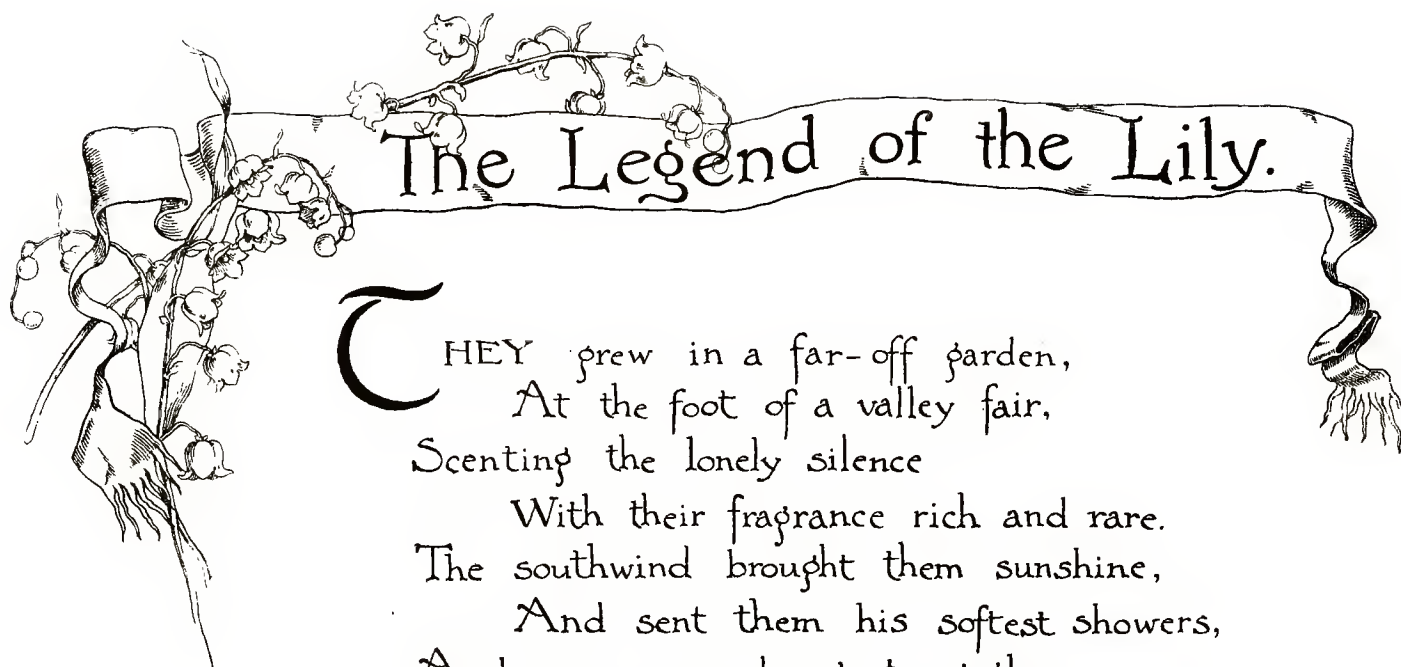
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Clifton Bingham





THEY grew in a far-off garden,
At the foot of a valley fair,
Scenting the lonely silence
With their fragrance rich and rare.
The southwind brought them sunshine,
And sent them his softest showers,
And none ever dared to gather
The least of those lovely flowers!

At eve in that quiet garden,
The Master loved to walk,
And each fair flower as He passed it
Bent on its slender stalk.
But the Lily was vain of her beauty,
And as His step drew near,
Stood proudly erect and stately,
And said "I am fairest here!"

The Master gazed on it sadly,
In His gaze grief path'ring slow,
Till the Lily bent before Him
The lowliest of the low.
And the tear that fell on its petals,
As the Master turned away,
Will be found a gleaming dewdrop
In the Lily's heart to-day!

Clifton Bingham

A Lullaby.




H! WANDERING wind, I pray thee fold thy wings,
The whispering trees are calling thee to rest,
The sky grows dim, the noisy birds are still,
And softly sleeps my baby at my breast.

Oh! restless sea, whose waters wan and cold,
Fret the brown rocks with angry moon-white crest,
Hush them, I pray, to little lapping waves,
For softly sleeps my baby at my breast.

Oh! guardian stars, half hid by fleecy cloudlets,
Your watch-fires now I pray make manifest,
No other light have we within the chamber,
Where softly sleeps my baby at my breast.

Oh! Lord of earth, and sea, and stars, and heaven,
Come to our home to-night, and be our guest,
So in the darkness, which is as thy shadow,
Shall softly sleep my baby at my breast.

Caris Brooke.



TIME with his sickle
mighty and keen,
Reaps both the grain
and the flowers
between.

Clifton Bingham



Spring.



LAD is the task of hoeing the wheat,
And wondering who the bread shall eat!
Perhaps some poet with bay-crowned brow
May eat of the wheat we are hoeing now!

Perhaps it may go to make firm and strong
The arm of the hero to slay the wrong!
It will do its work, and we help it to spring,
Though others may work at the harvesting.

Glad is the task of helping to birth
The blessed fruits of the bounteous earth;
And glad the task of helping to raise
The present's fruit for the coming days!

Sow good - and tend it with steadfast care
And beyond all dream shall the fruit be fair!
What matter - you helped the fruits to bring -
If you fall asleep ere the harvesting?

E Nesbit



Mists.



THE air is full of a mystic moving,
Wafting and wavering to and fro,
Grey as the gloom of a dim grey dove-wing,
Silent and sudden, to come and go

Floating by with a filmy flying,
Shuddering, shadowing, here and there,
Till it seems that the souls of the dead and dying
Move and meet in the haunted air.

Wraiths that rise from the tombs untended,
Wreathing and writhing in speechless pain;
Wise that "ever" so soon makes ending,
Love-forgotten and memory slain.

Garments fine as the thread the spinner
Spinneth close on the leafy hedge;
Folds that thicken - then fading thinner
Melt to mist on the outer edge

Forms and faces, with no defining,
Glimmering, shimmering, known, unknown;
Light feet falling, and fair arms twining,
Clasping, closing - the mist alone

Dreams that dance in a mazy measure,
Passing, repassing, with tireless tread;
Phantom fancies of uncaught pleasure,
Haunting hopes that are void and dead

Earth, half-hidden and half-forgotten,
Spectral trees and an unknown sky,
Sounds that seem out of space begotten,
Doubts and dreams, as the mists, go by

Helen Maud Waithman



Heartsease.

"Pray you remember

And there is pansies, that's for thoughts "

Shakespeare.



THINK I know the very spot,
Where bordered with forget-me-not,
This lovely blossom grew.
We knew that pansy-bed of old,
A sweet swift story there was told
Between black eyes and blue.

It seems but yesterday we stood
Each unto each God's greatest good
Beneath the morning sky!
We stood as lovers stand to part
(But hand from hand, not heart from heart,)
With lingering good-bye

Upon your snow-white dress you wore
One blossom plucked an hour before,
While still the dew was wet.
A purple pansy fair as this,
I look it with your first shy kiss;
I have that blossom yet

Harriett Stockall.



"PANSIES for thoughts"
lost though
their bloom,
Meet we or sever,
Memory is their living perfume,
Lasting for ever!

Clifton Bingham





Painted Flowers
in Winter Time.



OW strange to greet, this frosty morn,
In graceful counterfeit of flowers,
These children of the meadows, born
Of sunshine and of showers.

How well the conscious page retains
The pictures of the flower-sown home,
The lights and shades, the purple stains,
And golden hues of bloom!

It was a happy thought to bring
To the dark season's frost and rime
This painted memory of spring,
This dream of summer-time.

Haply our gentle friend hath met
While wandering in her sylvan quest,
Haunting his native woodlands yet
The Druid of the West :-

And while the dew on leaf and flower
Glistened in moonlight clear and still,
Learned the dusk wizard's spell of power,
And caught his trick of skill

But welcome, be it new or old,
The gift which makes the day more bright,
And paints, upon the ground of cold
And darkness, warmth and light.

Fill soft and deep, O winter snow!
The sweet azalea's oaken dells,
And hide the bank where roses blow,
And swung the azure bells!

O'erlay the amber violet's leaves,
The purple aster's brookside home,
Guard all the flowers her pencil gives
A life beyond their bloom.

And she, when Spring comes round again,
By greening slope and singing flood
Shall wander, seeking not in vain
Her darlings of the wood.

John Greenleaf Whittier.



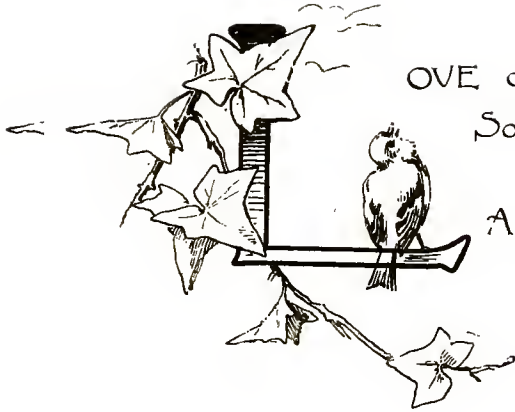
LITTLE bird,
with a song in your heart
Sing, oh sing!

Ere the hours of the sunshine depart,
And night cometh—
the desolate thing.

H. M. W.



Transformations.



LOVE came and sighed across my heart
Soft as a murmur scarcely heard,
And lo! its inmost deeps were stirred;
And little joys, like crystal streams
O'er arid wastes that drought has bared,
Went trickling through its dreams.

Love came and breathed across my heart
Warm as a balmy breath of Spring,
And straight it fell to blossoming,
And little buds began to start
Where hitherto not anything
Of life or joy had part.

Love came and dwelt within my heart,
Where all the scented blossoms spread
A delicate and dainty bed
With twining craft they swiftly crept
And clustering round his golden head
So bound him where he slept

Helen Maud Waithman.



Our Darling.



SILVER lilies stood up in a row,
Tall sentinels of state,
Nodding their heads as the little feet
Pattered down to the gate;
The rose threw down a shower of leaves
Over her yellow hair,
And the eglantine slyly slipped a rope
And caught her unaware

Sudden and sweet a robin sang
From a milk-white hawthorn bush,
And far away, like a voice in a dream,
Carolled a building thrush.
A flash of white in the golden air,
A magpie flitted across,
And bees were humming their drowsy tune
Over the thymy moss.

Daisies curled in their snowy frills
 Silvering the grassy lane,
Wooed the small fingers to pluck and weave
 Their pearls in a fringed chain;
A field-mouse peeped, with his diamond eyes,
 From some waving ribbon grass,
And a squirrel climbed the chestnut tree
 To see our darling pass.

A wandering wind, that had gathered
 The secrets of all the flowers,
Chased through the shadow and sunlight
 This restless baby of ours;
Afar in the green wood's hollow
 A cuckoo proclaimed the Spring,
But our bird's voice was the sweetest
 That day of thanksgiving.

Caris Brooke.



Seven Times One.

(By permission of the Authoress.)



HERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven :
I've said my "seven times" over and over ;
Seven times one are *seven ?


I am old, so old, I can write a letter :
My birthday lessons are done ;
The lambs play always, they know no better
They are only one times one.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powder'd your legs with gold !
O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold !

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low :
You were bright! ah bright! but your light is failing -
You are nothing now but a bow.



You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face ?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.



O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell !
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell !

And show me your nest with the young ones in it :
I will not steal them away ;
I am old ! you may trust me, linnet, linnet, —
I am seven times one to-day.

Jean Ingelow.





Winter: my Secret.

TELL my secret? No, indeed, not I;
Perhaps some day, who knows?
But not to-day; it froze, and blows, and snows,
And you're too curious: fie!
You want to hear it? well;
Only, my secret's mine, and I won't tell.

Or, after all, perhaps there's none;
Suppose there is no secret after all,
But only just my fun.
To-day's a nipping day, a biting day;
In which one wants a shawl,
A veil, a cloak and other wraps;
I cannot ope to every one who taps
And let the draughts come whistling through my hall;
Come bounding and surrounding me,
Come buffeting, astounding me,
Nipping and clipping through my wraps and all
I wear my mask for warmth: who ever shows
His nose to Russian snows
To be pecked at by every wind that blows?
You would not peck? I thank you for goodwill,
Believe, but leave that truth untested still.

Christina Rosetti.



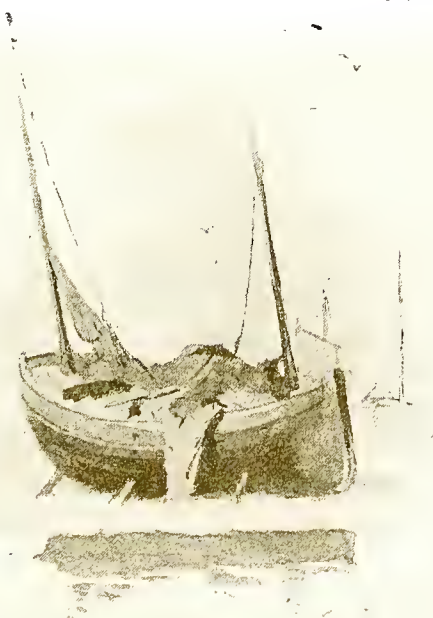
INGER," I cried, "O radiant Time! thy power
Has nothing more to give, life is complete:
Let but the perfect Present, hour by hour,
Itself remember and itself repeat "

"And Love,— the future can but mar its splendor,
Change can but dim the glory of its youth;
Time has no star more faithful or more tender
To crown its constancy or light its truth."

But Time passed on in spite of prayer or pleading,
Through storm and peril; but that life might gain
A Peace through strife all other peace exceeding,
Fresh joy from sorrow, and new hope from pain.

And since Love lived when all save Love was dying,
And, passed through fire, grew stronger than before:—
Dear, you know why, in double faith relying,
I prize the Past much, but the Present more.

Adelaide A. Procter,



No, summer is not dead,
not dead,
She only sleeps;
See what a
tender
light
is shed
O'er heights and deeps!
'Tis but her
last faint
flick'ring ember,
A day in sweet September!

Clifton Bingham



September.



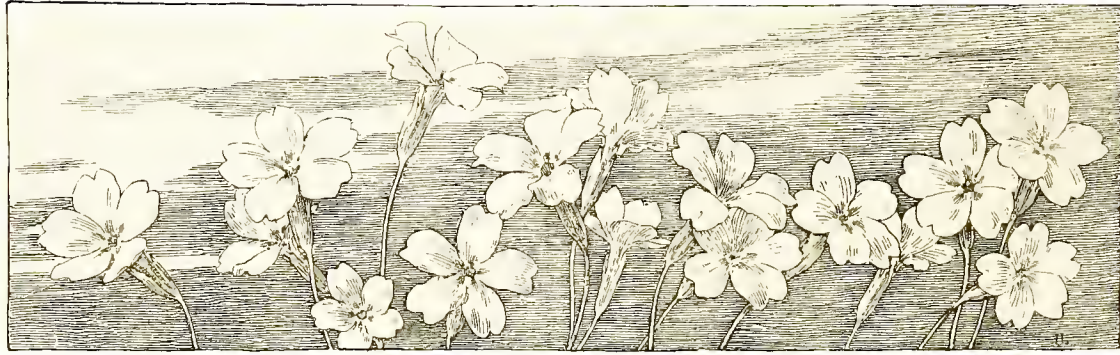
WHEN the maple turns to crimson,
And the beechen leaves to gold,
When the gentian's in the meadow,
And the aster on the wold,
When the noon is lapped in vapour,
And the night is frosty cold;

When the chestnut-burs are opened,
And the acorns drop like hail,
And the drowsy air is startled
By the thumping of the flail,-
By the drumming of the partridge.
And the whistle of the quail

Through the rustling woods I wander,
Through the jewels of the year,
From the yellow uplands calling,
Seeking her that is so dear
She is near me in the Autumn.-
She, the beautiful, is near

And I think when days are sweetest
And the world is wholly fair.
She may sometimes steal upon me
Through the dimness of the air,
With the cross upon her bosom
And the amaranth in her hair.

Bayard Taylor.



In the Woodyard.



HE sky was lowering overhead,
It certainly was dreadful weather;
We sheltered underneath a shed,
We two alone - alone together.
A woodyard shed beside the road,
The floor was strewn with pine wood's
chipping;
Outside, in heaps, great logs were stowed,
On which we heard the rain-drops drip-
-ping.

We smelt the scent of the wet earth,
And the wet timber, too, was scented:
And those two scents, I think, are worth
All other scents men have invented.
You looked out at the dull gray sky,
Said "It will never finish raining,"
You pointed as you spoke - but I
Accepted fate without complaining.

T'was Autumn, and the wind was keen,
It was a chill ungenial season;
Close by your side I had to lean
To keep you warm, no other reason.
It was because the wind was cold
(I said so, and you did not doubt it,)
That I took both your hands to hold,
And that is all the truth about it.

It was not till your lips looked sad
And wondered "If Mamma had missed
you,"
That I renounced a vow I had
To be discreet, and stooping, kissed you.
It was not till those trembling lips
Betrayed how much my kiss had moved
you,
That I close clasped your finger-tips,
And told you plainly that I loved you.

All this was just because, we two,
You know, walked home from church
together;
And it is dangerous so to do
In our uncertain English weather,
It was because the hour seemed fit
For such love-words, as I saw clearly.
No! don't believe a word of it,
It was because I loved you dearly!

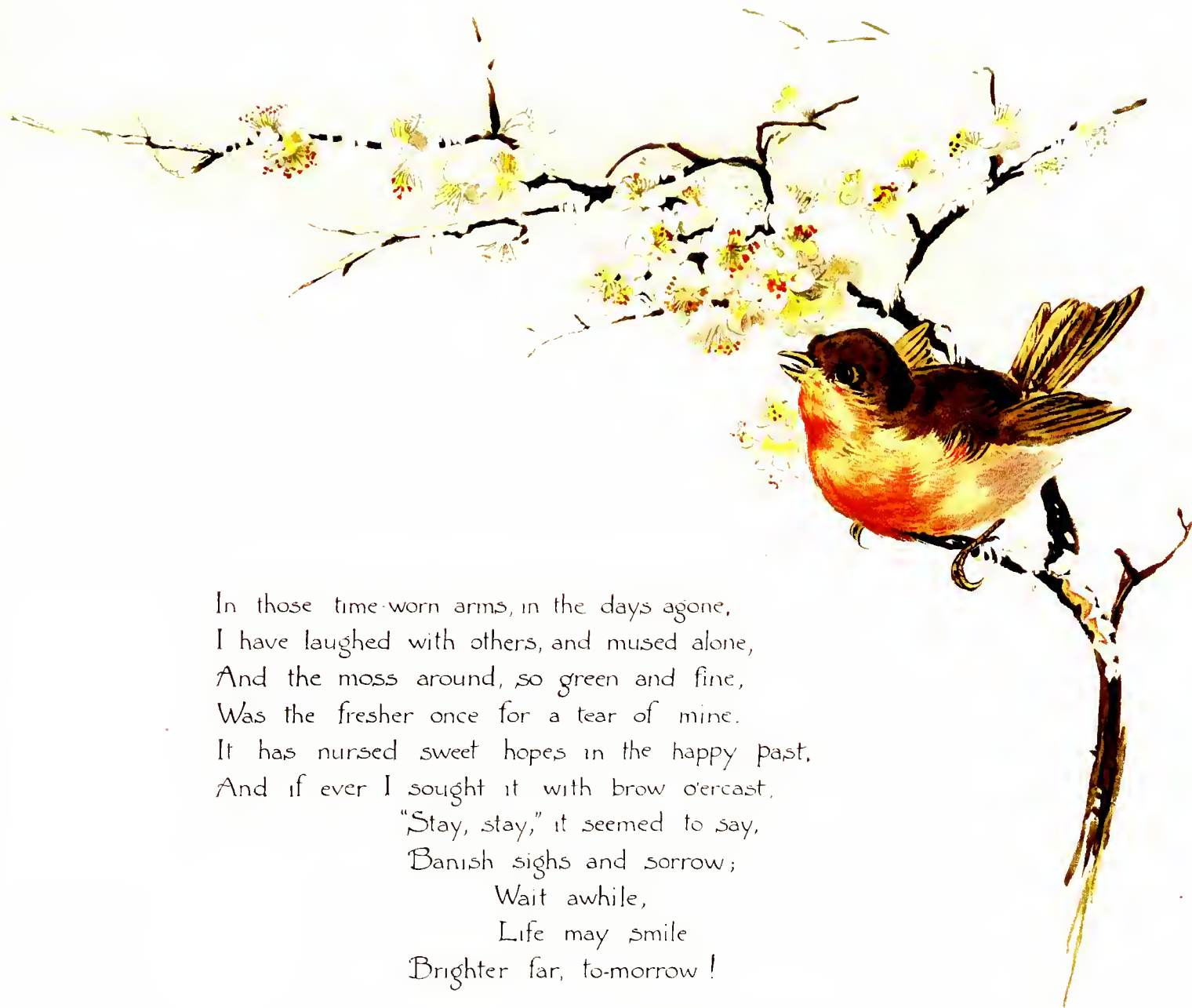
E. Nesbit.

The Wayside Seat.



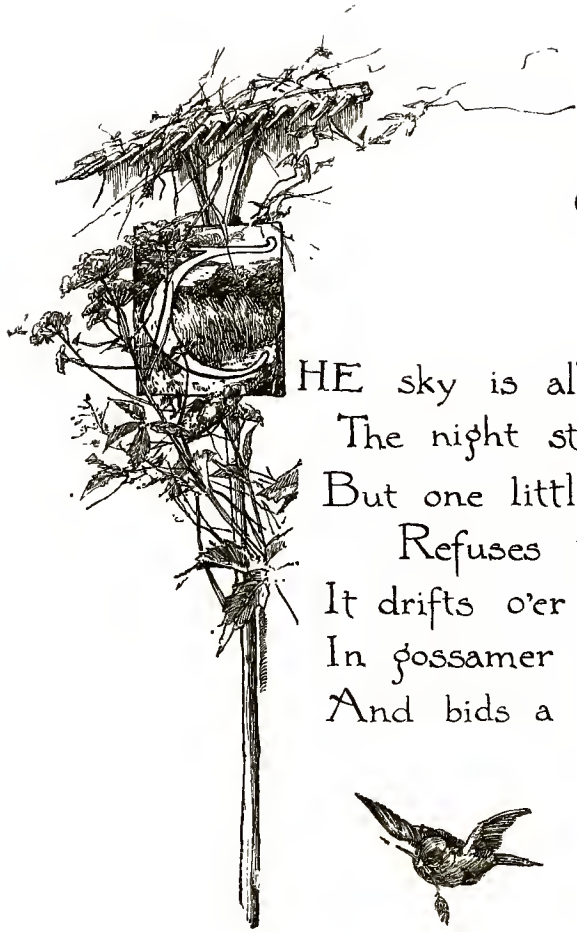
It stands, safe sheltered from sun and breeze
That wayside seat 'neath the drooping trees;
'Tis a welcome true for all who pass,
From the poet pale to the village lass;
The old wife resting from steps of pain,
A pedlar counting his modest gain
"Stay, stay," it seems to say,
Rest and peace to borrow;
Here awhile,
Rest and smile,
Though you tire to-morrow!

The children stop for a boisterous game
The boor, to carve an unknown name;
The student comes with a wearied look,
Preferring his own to nature's book.
It has no word for those, I deem,
But to lovers twain who sit and dream,
"Stay, stay, it seems to say
In the world is sorrow,
Stay and smile,
Love awhile,
Though you frown to-morrow!



In those time-worn arms, in the days ago,
I have laughed with others, and mused alone,
And the moss around, so green and fine,
Was the fresher once for a tear of mine.
It has nursed sweet hopes in the happy past,
And if ever I sought it with brow o'ercast,
 "Stay, stay," it seemed to say,
 Banish sighs and sorrow;
 Wait awhile,
 Life may smile
Brighter far, to-morrow!

Ellis Walton.



Evening.

THE sky is all hooded and shrouded in grey.
The night stealeth rapidly on,
But one little cloud that belonged to the day
Refuses to fade and be gone.
It drifts o'er the shadows, a delicate sprite,
In gossamer garments of apricot light,
And bids a delicious defiance to night.



Athwart all the shadows one tremulous ray
Of sunlight hath sought it, and shone
In sweet benediction, all golden and gay,
For that little cloudlet alone.
It climbs, as I watch it, that ladder of light,
And out thro' the greyness it passes from sight.
Who'll follow? Who'll follow? I would if I might.

Helen Maud Waithman.

Wayside Flowers.



LUCK not the wayside flower,
It is the traveller's dower ;
A thousand passers - by
Its beauties may espy,
May win a touch of blessing
From Nature's mild caressing.
The sad of heart perceives
A violet under leaves,
Like some fresh-budding hope ;
The primrose on the slope
A spot of sunshine dwells,
And cheerful message tells
Of kind renewing power ,
The nodding bluebell's dye
Is drawn from happy sky.
Then spare the wayside flower !
It is the traveller's dower.

How Roses came Red.



HERE once was a garden where roses grew,
White as the lillies, so fresh and fair,
And they loved the sun, and they loved the dew,
And loved to swing in the summer-air.

But time went along till the day was done,
The sun went sleepily down in the west;
And the roses cried, as they saw him go:
"Oh, stay with us, sun, for we love you best.

So there stayed awhile with the coming night,
Sweet flushes of light that would softly press
A kiss on the lips of those roses white,
'Till their leaves blushed red at the sweet caress.

Edric Vredenburg.





A Fancy from Fontenelle.

"De memoires de Roses on n'a point vu mourir le Jardinier."

THE Rose in the garden slipped her bud,
And laughed in the pride of her youthful blood
As she thought of the gardener standing by –
"He is old – so old! And he soon must die!"

The full rose waxed in the warm June air,
And she spread and spread till her heart lay bare;
And she laughed once more as she heard his tread –
"He is older now! He will soon be dead!"

But the breeze of the morning blew, and found
That the leaves of the blown Rose strewed the ground.
And he came at noon, that gardener old,
And he raked them softly under the mould.

*And I wove the thing to a random rhyme,
For the Rose is Beauty, the Gardener, Time.*


Austin Dobson.



FLOWERS of crimson, and gold, and amber!
Royal jewels of Autumn's crown;
Bright and brave in their dying splendour
See the leaves fall fluttering down!

Where are the frost and the cold blast banished?
Glad shines the earth in the sun's warm smile;
Crowned with poppies and late red roses,
Summer comes back for a little while.

Thus it is with the leaves before you;
Here, made one, have we sought to bring
All the wealth of the glowing summer,
All the dainty delights of spring



Love, and laughter, and swift winged hours,
Flowers and fragrance lie gathered here,
Reaped and bound in a sheaf together —
All that's best of the fleeting year.

Golden rays of the heart's own sunshine
Still will linger these pages through —
"Indian Summer!" ah, let it waken
That sweet season awhile for you

Take our book with its dreams and fancies!
Hopes and memories hither throng,
Memories sweet of the vanished springtime,
Bird and blossom, and scent and song.

Helen F. Wood.

Forget-me-not.



CULLED each flowret for my fair,
The wild thyme and the heather bell,
And round them twined a tendril rare -
She said the posy pleased her well :
But of the flowers that deck the field,
Or grace the garden of the cot,
Though others richer perfumes yield,
The sweetest is Forget me Not

We roamed the mead, we climbed the hill,
We rambled o'er the breckan brae,
The trees that crowned the mossy rill,
They screened us from the glare of day.
She said she loved the sylvan bower,
Was charmed with ev'ry rural spot,
And when arrived the parting hour
Her last words were "Forget-me-Not."

Anon.

STRANGE, that
a blossom so sweet
and shy,
So much can say,
so much imply;
Yet Love with so little can do
so much,
Only a word, sweet,
only a touch!

Clifton Bingham.





Two Lovers



TWO lovers by a moss grown spring.
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing
O budding time!
O love's blest prime!

TWO wedded from the portal stept.
The bells made happy carollings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
Whit petals on the pathway slept.
O pure-eyed bride!
O tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent
Two hands above the head were locked;
These pressed each other while they rocked,
Those watched a life that love had sent
O solemn hour!
O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire:
The red light fell about their knees
On heads that rose by slow degrees,
Like buds upon the lily spire
O patient life!
O tender strife!

The two still sat together there,
The red light shone about their knees;
But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left that lonely pair.
O voyage fast!
O vanished past!

The red light shone upon the floor,
And made the space between them wide;
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined, and said, "Once more!"
O memories!
O past that is!

George Eliot.





SWEET peablossom,
that trails the cottage wall,
And twines about the garden lowly,
Even in humble lives may, after all,
Dwell beauty
that is almost holy.

Clifton Bingham

Meadow Song.



HAT hey ! What ho ! Come lads o' the village,
The summer is leaping with quick bounds near
The thrushes are calling, the May flowers falling,
The cuckoos recalling that June is here.

Come up Come out ! with scythe and with sickle,
The long grass leans to the sweet south wind ;
And there's maids a-many, from Joan to Jenny,
With white arms waiting the swathes to bind.

Cry ho ! ho ! ho ! all over the meadows,
When grass is cut, then the herd may stray ,
And it's not for flowers, for leaves, or bowers,
That lads go wandering 'long the way.

Then hey ! then ho ! for the grassy meadows !
The flowers we want we're sure to find ;
For they blossom and blow wherever you go ,
While lads are loving and lasses kind.

Theo. Gift.



Milking Time.



COME "Whiteface," come, for the sun has set,
And the grass with evening dew is wet,
Come, "Daisy," come, and "Buttercup" too,
For Molly, the milkmaid, waits for you.

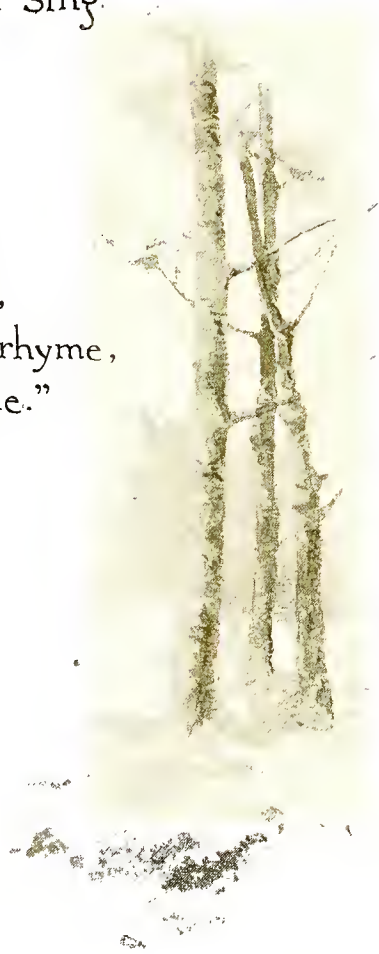
I heard the clock in the steeple chime,
And it seemed to say "'tis milking-time"
And Molly stands at the garden-gate,
A' wonderin' why her cows are late.

Were you asleep in some cool retreat?
Or was it the scent of the clover sweet?
Or were you too lazy the hill to climb?
What kept you away at milking-time?

Then "Buttercup" turned and answered me,
"In new mown hay by the apple tree,
The children were dancing round in a ring,
And we stopped a minute to hear them sing.

"The song kept time to their tiny feet,
Their voices sounded so fresh and sweet,
As they sang together some quaint old rhyme,
That it made us forget our milking-time."

R. K. Mounsey.



The Last Leaf.



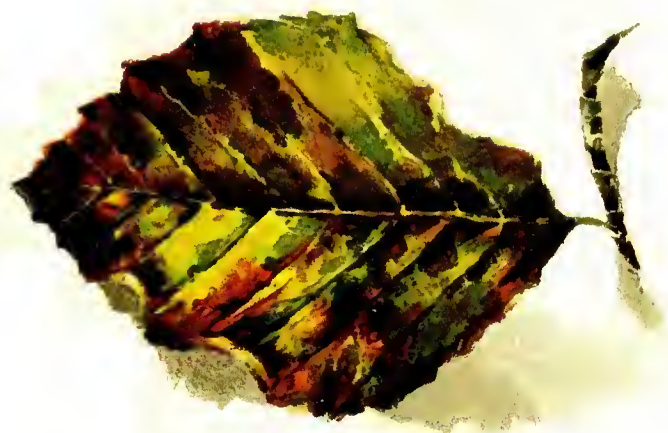
SAW him once before
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head
That it seems as if he said
"They are gone"

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer



And if I should live to be
The last leaf on the tree
 In the Spring,
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
 Where I cling.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.





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Through woodland and meadow & other poem



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